

Cat Bones

by Mewaponny

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Summary: Something's different. Sans was only supposed to have a pet rock. How did I end up here? Well, there are things worse things than to be reborn as Sans' pet cat. Let's see if I can do anything.

1. Chapter 1

Death is strange.

The dying is slow- you can feel it the entire time, working its way through you as you shut down. It's terrifying the entire time, up until it's not. Drowning, I would have to say, is not one of the best ways to go.

At least death itself is sudden.

What comes after is not.

You feel gradual warmth as you shift in and out of consciousness. Things that feel like they're missing slowly start to reappear. You move, but everything seems like it's in the wrong place. What was once a surplus of space begins to lessen. The pushing starts.

And I was reborn.

And it was nasty.

The first clue that I wasn't reborn as a human was that no one was holding me. No arms supporting my head or body, just a small plop as I fell to the ground.

The second was the tongue. It didn't feel like a towel or hand- it was too singular, and pressed too well.

My body was strange, shaped wrong. I didn't know what I was yet, only

that I wasn't human. Sound was muffled, and I couldn't open my eyes- I was helpless and weak. I didn't like it, and decided I would do my best to never be this way again.

* * *

><p>I wouldn't know I was a cat until after about a week after I was born and my eyes opened- It was still blurry, but at least I could make out my new mother's basic shape. I had 2 littermates, both larger than me- I could tell I was the runt. Because of their size, they tended to be fed first, and I got whatever was left. There was plenty, due to it being the beginning of summer and mom being well fed, so I never starved- I was just smaller.<p>

Mom was a pretty light grey, with green eyes. Both of my siblings looked like her, with blue eyes- one darker than the other. I, however, ended up being a little grey and white tabby, with the same chilled eyes I had as a human. Mom taught us how to hunt and care for ourselves, and by the age of approximately 5 months, we were each on our own.

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><p>Days after wandering away from my mother's territory, I found a town.<p>

A human town.

While I was with my mother I had tried to make words with my mouth. It worked somewhat, but I didn't have the lung capacity or mouth fluidity to say certain words. I could talk, but I sounded like a small, breathy gargoye.

I walked right up to a lady in a military uniform. I knew, the greatest likelihood of me going home was with someone in charge.

"Mam, ay nee el." She looked down and saw me. Surprisingly, she didn't freak out about a cat talking. In fact, she seemed more annoyed than anything.

She started muttering in a different language. It sounded like a bizarre mix of spanish, japanese, and english. She pushed me away with her foot. I felt like crying.

I ended up searching all around, but no one spoke straight english. I did, however, find the date on a newspaper- It was October 22, 2009. Years before I died. Even if I did go home, I would still be there- and who knows what would happen. I could change something, and something worse could happen. I decided to stay where I was- for now.

That still brought up the subject of what I was going to do. I couldn't become a pet- any attachments would have to be broken when I went home. There was a mountain nearby, and I knew (thanks to reading Warriors as a child) how to survive as a cat there. Most normal cats would avoid stoney mountain areas. It was getting cold- I would have to choose a territory sometime. It was decided, then- I was headed to the mountain.

* * *

><p>Living on a mountain sucked.<p>

Thank goodness there weren't really any predatory birds up there, or at least ones big enough to eat cats. But the elevation was kicking my butt, and it seemed like nothing else wanted to live up there with me. It was cold, so prey was even more scarce. Thank goodness I found a rabbit- I would have starved otherwise.

I looked at the rabbit from behind a bush. It looked old, and scrawny; but it would last me a couple days if I caught it. We were standing in the mouth of a large cave, covered in vines. This area was very lush, and I wouldn't be surprised if I found other prey here.

I crept forward, trying to get within hunting distance when suddenly-

Something moved.

The rabbit, startled, ran away from the movement and straight into me. Terrified, it ran in the opposite direction; further into the cave. I chased after it- it looked like it was about to turn, so I pounced before it could, and overshot it.

My foreleg clipped the rabbit's hind leg and we tumbled- straight into the gaping hole the rabbit was trying to avoid.

The fall wasn't too long before we hit some flowers that broke the fall. I had already adjusted to land on my feet, so I wasn't concerned. The rabbit, however, broke its neck. I ate it, and I felt better- way better. Better than I had felt in a while, but I didn't think much of it.

Until I looked around.

I was in some sort of purple structure, with some greek pillars supporting the ceiling. There was an archway at the end of the hallway that I walked down. It looked slightly familiar, but I couldn't place why, not until I walked through. The room ahead was dark, but there was a patch of grass, bathed in light, right in the center. '_No, it couldn't be.'_ Could it?

I heard a _sfft_ sound and a large yellow flower with a face popped out of the ground.

It could.

"Howdy, I'm Flowey!" It said. "Flowey theâ€"

It was.

He looked at me.

I looked at him.

And he looked at me.

And I cursed Weird Al Yankovic.

"You- you're not human." His face sunk, and grew more demonic. "Is this some sort of joke?" His attack pellets appeared. His face returned to normal, "You're like me, aren't you? Well, you'll probably work just fine."

A/N: I am not an experienced writer, so feedback would be much appreciated. This story will mostly be adventure in the beginning, fluff in the middle, and an actual story at the end. Updates will probably be slow, but I hope you all enjoy this thing I made.

2. Chapter 2

Apparently, only monsters spoke straight english. I guess this is why the character never really speaks- the local language had just enough latin roots to understand, but not really to speak, especially as I did. I would have been a greater amount proud of myself for figuring that out, but I still had to avoid Flowey's attack.

I jumped back and the pellets hit the floor in front of me. I didn't dare try and attack him- I didn't know if I could gain Exp like this, or even if the rules from the game would apply in real life, but I wouldn't risk it. I ran from the room, bullets flying after me. Some hit my leg as I ran through the doorway, and I skidded. I tried to get up, but I couldn't. My back and hind leg hurt too much to move, and I felt a sense of dread crawl over me. I wasn't even sure Toriel would appear- however vague the game was about it, the date was wrong for her to be there for sure.

I crouched, waiting for death.

But it never came.

I opened my eyes- apparently, I slid far enough from the impact where the entrance was behind me and I was too far away to shoot.

"Here, Kitty Kittyâ€|" Even if I wasn't injured, there was no way I was going back out there. Flowey's voice took a darker tone, "fine. It's not like I can't find you later. And when I doâ€| well, I'm sure you're smart enough to figure it out." There was the sound of dirt shifting, and I was sure he was gone.

I still couldn't get up. My leg still felt like it was on fire when I tried to move it. As a cat, I needed more sleep, and I was going nowhere. I tried to relax, and fell asleep. Hopefully, that would get my health up.

* * *

><p>I woke up to swaying and sneezing.<p>

Someone had picked me up and was now carrying me in their arms. I shifted my leg- it didn't hurt anymore- and I looked up.

There was a white muzzle hanging over my head- probably Toriel. I was pressed against the purple fabric from her tunic, which created a sort of basket for me. I was held in such a way that would probably be uncomfortable for her, and I wondered why- until I heard her sneeze.

Goat mom was apparently allergic to cats. Feeling me shift, she looked down and smiled, despite having puffy eyes and a runny nose. Her fangs were poking out of her mouth, and her eyes were a deep red. "Hello Little One," she murmured, "did you have a nice _cat_nap?" Her grin widened. Then she sneezed again. On me. Eww.

I wriggled out of her grasp. If she was allergic, I wanted to leave the least amount of hair on her as possible. I fell to the floor, but started to follow her- as a cat, I would have little leeway to complete the puzzles that were all over the ruins. Fortunately, we were in the last hallway- I could even see past to the veranda that pointed to New Home.

"Do come by some time, Little One. Even if I cannot touch you, it is good to have some company." Toriel walked off in the direction of her home, and I moved over to the veranda.

The first time I had played Undertale, the game had felt small. The second time, when I had reluctantly reset about a month later, it felt long and tedious, repeating the same actions even if I had found some new things. Now, looking at New Home, it felt larger than life- instead of a purple, dark background, it seemed everything popped. Granted, it was still mostly dark, but now it had splashes of color, and movement. Blues, reds, and purples were the colors that stood out the most, and it was so far away I could only barely see the monsters that lived there as colored specks. It only served to make my next move more real for me.

In the shadow of the wall there was a toy knife. Canonically, the player would probably find it trying to get to Toriel. It wasn't really hidden- I don't know how Toriel hadn't noticed it by now, but that was hardly the point. I stalked over to it, and picked it up in my mouth. This would hopefully end some horrible choice before it could even be made.

Grunting, I tossed it over the safety railing. I heard it clatter on the ground far below, and I turned away satisfied. Then I saw something like a white haze on the edge of my vision.

My eyes locked onto the white, and I saw Napstablook. He was staring me, with a surprised expression on his face. He had been watching the entire time. My eyes locked on to his, and I shook my head no. Hopefully, he would understand I didn't want anyone to know about this.

"Oh, I-I'm sorryâ€¦" he stuttered, "I didn't want to bother you. I'll justâ€¦ I'll just go, okay? I won't say anything..." He faded away, and I turned back into the ruins. I kind of felt bad, but I didn't want anyone to know about me. At least, not yet- not until the final human comes through and breaks the barrier. I didn't know if my soul could be used, but I didn't want to find out.

I passed the tree with the red leaves and made my way to the entrance of the house. I looked to the right- despite there being a save point right there in the game, there was nothing to indicate it as far as I could see. Did I just not have the determination? Or did I not even have a soul to wield it? I shook my head to clear my thoughts- either I would find out later, or I wouldn't. No sense dwelling on it.

I entered the house, and suddenly everything smelled like baked goods. The house was warmer than the rest of the ruins, despite the front door being wide open. I could hear Toriel in the shower, probably trying to get as much of me off of her as possible.

I wandered over to the top of the stairs, thinking. I needed to get out of the Ruins. Even though I wasn't hungry yet, I doubted Toriel had the supplies to feed me, and the Ruins weren't exactly filled with things I could hunt. Hell, Toriel was allergic- my continued stay would only make things worse for her. I needed to leave, preferably before she got out of the shower and stopped me somehow.

Nodding, I started my descent into the cold, dark basement, and hoped I wouldn't be caught.

* * *

><p>AN:I've been working nonstop on this fic once I started it. I should have been working on my homework, but I didn't. I am glad, however, that it has been received rather positively. This is only the second fic I've written, the first is on FIMfiction with an account under the same name. Someone said they were concerned about the timeline, so I'm going to show you what I think happened timewise.**

**Late 1990's- Chara falls, and the Dreemur family adopts them. Chara dies, and the Underground becomes more serious about escaping.**

**2000's- six other people fall into the underground for various reasons. Their souls are collected, and no one comes back out.**

**2009- Fic start. Little One(the only name she has- for now) is born, and late into the year she chases the rabbit into the underground.**

**201X- Frisk falls into the Underground.**

I hope this clears up some things.

3. Chapter 3

I will admit I slinkied down the stairs. Despite having several months of practice, I had no idea how to get down otherwise. To be honest, I also did it because I was feeling a little silly, despite the danger of being caught.

I got to the bottom of the stairs and started marching down the long hall. It was darker than the rest of the Ruins, with periodic torches lighting the way.

I turned into the next hallway when I felt a shiver run through me. In fact, it kind of felt familiarâ€¦ Oh crap. I remembered this feeling. I felt it while I was falling into the Underground, but I was too distracted trying to land that I hadn't really thought about it. I could hear the shower turning off upstairsâ€¦

I started dashing to the door that lead out. If I could just make it there before Toriel finds meâ€¦|

I had almost reached the room with the door when I heard her run down the stairs. "Human, please wait," she called out, not yet able to see me. "It is dangerous outside the Ruins! Other monsters may try to-"

Toriel burst into the room, to find me pushing my head against the door. It's heavy, but I managed to open it just enough. "Little One, what-" I slipped out, ready to escape into Snowdin Forest.

But it wasn't the forest I found myself in. I had completely forgotten about this room- the second place you meet Flowey in the game.

And he was already there.

"Oh, here already, are you?" His face sunk in. "Did seeing someone else's happiness bother you? Did you hate seeing what you could never have again?" His bullets popped out. I didn't know if I could escape in time-

"Little One!" Flames shot out of Toriel's hands as she appeared behind me. The ground parted with a _sfft_ as Flowey dodged. He was gone.

"Little One." I turned around and instantly regretted it. Toriel was looking at me with a strange face- I honestly couldn't tell what she was thinking. "How did you set off the Soul Detection alarm?"

Oh shit. Now she knew something was up. '_Should I be_ _honest?_'_ Yeah, I probably should be.

"No know." I managed to warble out. She looked surprised at my talking. I guess she wasn't expecting an answer. It was too late now, but I guess what they say is true- deny, deny, deny.

"Are you like that flower then? Incomplete?" I looked down and shrugged. I had no idea if my situation was like his, if by some sort of accident or willful science. "Is your BATTLE scene incomplete as well?"

I stared at her, confused. Those were real? "No know. Yu'man." She looked shocked again, then her face calmed once again.

"Of course you wouldn't know. Humans cannot initiate a BATTLE. I am sorry for this butâ€¦| May I, Little One?" I nodded my head yes. She was a maternal figure in the game- I trusted her here.

Black lines extended from her chest where I assumed her heart would be. They consumed the world around us, and everything turned black and white. Where I was once grey I darkened, and my white bleached. A box appeared between us, and inside was a hollow periwinkle heart.

My soul.

The white box shifted into three yellow ones- FIGHT, which was dim; ACT, and MERCY, which were brighter. I moved my soul over to ACT, and

selected talk. A voice, much like my old human one, rang around us- it almost seemed to sing.

*_Let me go forward. I cannot stay here._

Toriel inclined her head towards me. "I cannot end the BATTLE, Little One. You must either show MERCY, or kill me to end it." No, I was not going to kill her. I selected MERCY, and spared her.

The black returned to her, and she started sneezing again. I backed off a little, hoping to lessen the aggravation I was causing her. Her sneezing died down, and she spoke to me again.

"You truly wish to continue, don't you?" I nodded. "Very well. I cannot stop you, but I can offer you advice." She looked me dead in the eyes. "Non-sapientia don't have souls. Do not let others know about yours. It is not strong enough to help break the Barrier, but I have little doubt other monsters will try."

I nodded again. "Do not use your FIGHT. It is broken, and will harm you just as much as it would your opponent. If you do, expect it to be the last."

She moved over to the door that lead to the forest. "I cannot offer you any form of communication. I am sorry, but if you leave, you cannot come back. I will not open this door for anyone on the other side, even you. Are you sure?"

I nodded my conviction, and she opened the door. I was one step closer to leaving, and being able to survive. I stepped through, and mew'd a goodbye to her. With one last sneeze, she shut the door behind me.

There was no turning back.

* * *

><p>I checked the bushes outside the door. Yes, there was a camera. Alphys is so nosey. But so was I. Reminded that the anime that she liked was called MewMew Kissy Cutie soâ€¦ I did probably the cutest thing I had ever done.<p>

I poked my head into the bushes, so that I was right in the camera lense. Sniffing the camera (it smelled like salt and lizards) I started to lick it- hey, it still had salt on it! I hadn't had salt in months! Alphys must have spilled some of her ramen on it. I licked that camera probably as clean as it was going to get.

One of the things I missed most about being a human was the food. Sure, I missed my family, but I would be seeing them in a few years anyway. Cats aren't able to eat all the same things as humans- and that was another reason I had little desire to be a pet. I would constantly reminded of what I couldn't have anymore- at least I was alive and could come back to them when the time came.

Hearing a soft _crack_ behind me, I jumped and turned around. There was a skull not _two feet_ behind me! Feeling silly, I saw the rest of the skeleton crouching behind me. Sans was wearing a white turtleneck underneath his jacket, along with mittens for his hands. He was dressed just like in the game.

Sans lifted himself back up, chuckling and brushing the snow off his knees. I noticed he was a little over half the size of Toriel. "y'know, lil'buddy, dr. alphys doesn't like anyone messing with her cameras." His voice was deep and blunted, like someone trying to fight off sleep. "the lady on the other side of this door has some great puns- unlike mine, which are a _cat-astrophe_" leaning on the doors to the Ruins, he winked at me and sat in the snow. "you want to listen in?"

Hell yeah! I didn't really think Toriel was still there, but I wouldn't want to miss any interaction with someone who wasn't allergic to me. Feeling bold, I draped myself right on his lap. It was a little boney(skull joke- yo ho ho ho ho!) but his clothes were padded, so it was fine.

Sans knocked on the door, but no one answered. I guess I was right about Toriel being gone, but that didn't stop him. Scratching me behind the ears- damn that felt good- he continued with his joke. "who's there? bones. bones who? no _bones_ about it, this is a bad joke." He paused. "nah, dishes would probably work better. _dishes_ a bad joke."

Looking down at me with pupils that seemed to glow, he scratched underneath my chin. "my brother only deserves the best of my jokes, even if he doesn't appreciate them. don't you agree?" I nya'd in delight. He was magical with his fingers- I was almost asleep at that point.

That was how I drifted off, sitting on Sans' lap as he made knock knock jokes to an empty room.

* * *

><p>AN- some clarification, because I am not a good enough author to get everything I want out.**

BATTLE scenes and incomplete souls- only monsters can initiate a BATTLE, but only their opponents can end it. This causes problems with animals, because the default button is fight- most animals are not smart enough to choose anything else, and will have to end with either the monster or the animal dying. Because Flowey is not complete, his BATTLE scene is different- you cannot attack him or run, but he can't kill you. As omega, his scene is different because he can no longer make a proper one. As TALOH, he isn't able to kill you, even if his scene looks correct. The MC is also somewhat incomplete, so BATTLES don't affect her the same way. Flowey will never be able to BATTLE her, but they can attack each other. It takes a large amount of power for a monster to interrupt or end a BATTLE they set, like Papyrus and Toriel do.

End
file.